Plaything

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

When a job goes sideways and Nigel ends up having to lay low with some of Darko's crew, the last thing he needs is to go into heat with only one viable alpha on hand.

Notes

Rolled the dice and got -
Nigel x Roberto + sex toys

If Nigel had a choice, Roberto Bellini would have been the last fucking alpha on a very fucking long list of alphas he would not be spending his heat with. But thanks to Darko this shit was happening.

The job had gone sideways, leaving Nigel wondering what the little British fucking psychopath was even doing on the crew, and now they were holed up in Darko's safe house waiting for the all clear.

And the all clear was taking way too fucking long. Long enough that Nigel had missed enough days of suppressants that he had started to feel the tell tale signs of his oncoming heat clawing under his skin. The rest of the crew were betas and Nigel didn't want to touch any of them dirty fuckers much either, so his heating brain couldn't help but consider the lithe and twinky alpha that had ended up amongst their numbers.

Berto was a little fucking shit.

Nigel wasn't even sure how he and Darko had met, only that they hit it off right away. The kid had been in some trouble back home - brainwashed by some cultish fuck and nearly got done for murder. He was acquitted in the end, and now here he was on their crew like he fucking knew a thing or two. He was super smart and a smartass with it. Thought he was so fucking charming, it made Nigel loathe him.

Maybe because if he'd actually been in any way likeable, he was the kind of kid Nigel would call gorgeous and flirt with. But no, he had no fucking interest in Roberto Bellini.

Until he went into heat.

To his credit, the cocksure kid looked pretty confident and brattish right up until the moment Nigel stalked up to him, pinned him against the wall and growled - "I'm gonna need your knot."

*

Berto had hesitated, swallowed hard and shuddered a little, right before saying quietly- "yeah, okay."

The alpha allowed Nigel to drag him into the master bedroom and throw him onto the bed.

Nigel started taking his clothes off, watching expectantly for Berto to do the same but the little shit just lay there, wide-eyed and gawping. He removed his wallet, phone and cigarettes, throwing them on the bedside table before stripping off his trousers.

"Come the fuck on," Nigel growled, he was already down to his underwear and pulled them off to reveal the thick slick that was moistening the top of his thighs. He heard Berto audibly swallow and his eyes go straight to Nigel's straining cock and dripping pussy. "You never fucked before or something?"

"I… I have…" Berto replied.

Nigel narrowed his eyes. "Don't expect me to be playing the fucking submissive omega shit. That's only done to sooth the egos of fragile fucking alphas. So get the fuck over that right now." He was near shouting at the kid. "And get your fucking pants off so I can ride your fucking cock."

At the barked order Berto suddenly scrambled to undo his jeans. Nigel was pulling them down and off the skinny kid before he'd barely unfastened them. Berto's underwear ended up around his thighs as the pants were dragged down, his large cock springing happily free.

"Fuck, how do you not fall over with that in your pants?" Nigel chuckled as he marvelled at the nicely endowed alpha. He ignored the blush on Berto's cheeks as he climbed over him and sank down onto his cock.

They both let out a long groan and Berto's hands shot to Nigel's hips, holding him in place before he ground up into him for a moment.

"Ahhh, that feels so much better." Nigel moaned. He leaned over the alpha, placing his hands either side of the kid's head before he started to ride him, hard and fast - flexing his inner muscles around the growing throb of Berto's knot.

Berto let out a little whimper and Nigel grinned.

*

The remainder of that first day had continued much the same. Nigel had ridden Berto's cock over and over until they were both, eventually, completely naked and Roberto was exhausted. But he was young and virile, he recovered quickly and - Nigel had to admit - had one of the biggest and nicest cocks he'd ever encountered. Certainly his knot was doing the perfect job of sating him for now.

By the end of the second day, during which Roberto had become a much more eager and confident participant, they were both covered in bruises and sores. Roberto had had him on all fours several times, fucking into him until his knot caught and then beyond until they were

joined and coming together so hard that the sheets were a disgusting mess. They both stank of sweat and spunk and it only made Nigel hornier.

Nigel knew the third day was going to be the worst. It always was.

His heats generally lasted a little over three days and there would be that marathon few hours towards the end where nothing seemed to satisfy. Where so far, even the biggest and longest lasting knot, still hadn't felt enough.

He wondered if he should warn the kid, but decided against it. Instead, Nigel took himself to the shower, let the water run over him for a minute before padding naked and dripping to the kitchen. He downed a jug of water before refreshing it and grabbing two glasses and heading back to the bedroom. He was happily ignored by the betas sat watching TV - they knew better than to say anything or piss him off.

Roberto was asleep, sprawled out spread-eagled on the bed, his flaccid cock still a significant size resting against his thigh. He was snoring softly, and for a moment Nigel actually liked the kid. Probably because his fucking mouth was shut.

He placed down the jug and crawled over to Berto, sucking his dick into his mouth and feeling it harden as the alpha stirred.

"Mmmm." Berto moaned, threading his hands into Nigel's hair. "You want me to fuck you again baby?"

"Baby?" Nigel pulled back from Berto's dick so fast to grunt the word back at him, that the alpha was lucky he didn't bite it off.

Berto winced and doubled over, his hands going protectively to his crotch.

"Look, gorgeous-" the endearment was snarled and dripping with sarcasm "-I'm not your fucking *baby*. You're on my crew, you're doing a job. I'm the job. Keep the sweet fucking nothings to yourself."

Berto, wide-eyed again, was nodding his agreement.

"Now, fucking fuck me already."

*

It was the middle of the day, when Nigel was face down on the mattress, letting Berto pound into him mercilessly from behind, that he knew he was reaching the point of it not being enough.

"Harder!" He growled.

Berto redoubled his effort and, perhaps encouraged by the whimper that momentarily escaped Nigel, felt brave enough to start talking filthy. "You want me to fuck you hard huh? Fuck my knot right into you and fill you up? Breed you good?"

Nigel clenched his jaw. “Just fucking fuck me you fucking brat.” He snapped back.

Berto, amazingly, laughed and pounded into him with abandon. Nigel’s whole body was being shifted around the bed and his hands gripped tight to the covers. He was pushing back on each thrust and they were snipping back and forth at each other - dirty talk and insults. Which, was actually really fucking turning Nigel on, painfully. His cock was hard and heavy between his legs, slick dripping down it from his well used hole. He so desperately wanted to come again and took hold of himself, but it still wasn’t enough.

More grunts or “harder”, “faster”, “deeper” were met by exactly that, and more dirty talk from the kid. But it wasn’t enough, it didn’t feel like it would ever be. Until he finally growled “More!”, and Roberto pressed his thumb into Nigel’s ass.

Nigel cried out and jolted, his cock pulsing quick and hot streams of come, his pussy gripping tight around Roberto until the kid was barely able to push his knot through the spasming muscles. But he managed it, tying them together as he replaced his thumb with a finger and worked it in and out of Nigel’s ass whilst he continued his shallow thrusts into Nigel’s utterly pliant body.

*

Nigel woke up, realising he must have actually passed out. He felt used and sore in the best possible way.

He expected Berto to still be tied but apparently he had been asleep long enough for them to disengage, because the alpha was instead walking around the room. It was the opening and closing of drawers and cupboards that woke him.

“Casing the joint?” Nigel asked, the words coming out less harsh and much more exhausted than intended.

Realising he was awake, Berto’s face fucking lit up, he practically bounded towards the bed and landed with a bounce next to Nigel. Causing Nigel to growl at him, which he ignored.

“I was curious, because… Well, you liked my thumb in your ass and you keep asking for more and this is a bedroom, so I thought I’d investigate.”

“Ok kid, you’re smart I get it, what were you investigating?” Nigel asked, rolling onto his back and reaching for his pack of smokes on the side table. He put one in his mouth and lit it as he watched Berto amble off the bed again - like it was fucking Christmas.

Nigel had to admit he was kinda grateful for the enthusiasm, because he was already starting to feel that clawing ache of emptiness within him again and it would still be a fair few hours before he was totally free of his heat.

“I found this. No artificial slick though, I was just looking.”

“Christ, kid!”

Berto held up the biggest dildo Nigel had ever seen. It was thick and veiny, it had a malleable knot at the base and was damn near as big as Berto's cock - which was actually saying something.

"You want it?" Berto asked, his face bright with excitement.

"In my ass?"

Roberto shrugged and nodded at the same time, which… ok was fucking adorable. Maybe this cute little puppy was good to keep around for something after all?

"Nothing is going near my ass without artificial slick."

Berto's nod slowed and he frowned thoughtfully.

After a moment he tossed the didlo onto the bed next to Nigel and climbed over him, plucking the cigarette from his mouth and stubbing it out on the table.

"The fuck are you doing?" Nigel growled.

"Making slick." Berto replied before leaning in and kissing him deeply.

They hadn't kissed this whole time, in fact, there hadn't been any foreplay at all - just hard fucking. That was all Nigel required. So he was about to push the kid off when he deepened the kiss and slid his tongue next to Nigel's in a way that made him moan.

Berto slipped a hand down between them, stroking lightly over Nigel's cock before pushing two fingers into his slick, tight, heat. Nigel moaned again, Berto nipping at his lips in response as he started to finger him. He had to admit the alpha's slim fingers felt so good in his pussy, touching him in a way his cock couldn't.

He growled unhappily when Berto broke the kiss, but then he was lacing kisses down until he got to Nigel's chest. He flicked his tongue over Nigel's right nipple and Nigel damn near arched up off the bed entirely.

"Fuuuuuck." He let out the low groan as Berto repeated the action before curling his tongue around Nigel's nipple and sucking it into his mouth. He moved his free hand to Nigel's other nipple and began to tweak at it as he sucked and licked the tightening nub.

"Oh fuck." Nigel muttered, feeling slick start to pulse out of him, wetting Berto's busy fingers. When Berto drew back for a slight moment to catch his breath, Nigel gave him a sharp look. "Don't you fucking stop."

Berto's expression was a mixture of smug and terrified, which Nigel found himself actually enjoying. Especially when his mouth moved to his other nipple and he slid his slick coated hand down to Nigel's asshole.

Nigel took in a sharp breath as Berto spread the excess slick all over his hole, finally pushing in two fingers with barely any resistance.

“Fucking… fuck!” Nigel groaned and let his body sink back into the bed.

It felt like hours that Berto spent playing with his nipples, licking and sucking them in turn, and moving his fingers between his pussy and ass to spread the copious amounts of slick his ministrations was causing. Working him open all the while until Nigel craved filling even more.

By the time Berto drew back completely, Nigel was too fucked out to immediately protest beyond a whimper and finally a muttered “you’d better fucking fuck me…”

He could feel and hear the movement of Berto’s hands, taking more slick from him and coating his own cock. His hands were wet and sticky when they grabbed Nigel’s hips and angled his ass up.

“I think this is going to work best.” Berto muttered, clearing concentrating, before his well slicked cock slid slow and deep into Nigel’s ass.

Nigel cried out with the sensation, clenching every muscle around the alpha for a moment as he adjusted to the size.

“Fuck… Berto…” Nigel groaned.

Berto slid in and out of him a couple of times, slowly moving back and forth but not setting a rhythm. Once he seemed satisfied he stilled, and then Nigel realised he was reaching across the bed.

Nigel’s heart was pounding as he picked up the dildo, slicked it a little and then slid that inside Nigel too. His pussy clenched tight around every inch and he groaned at the feeling of being so full. Berto groaned too and Nigel found himself smirking.

“That feel good kid? Another nice thick cock filling me up, pressed against you?”

Berto nodded and whimpered, letting out a little cry when Nigel clenched around him again to see the reaction.

Roberto’s eyes were closed and he was biting at his lower lip as he began to move again. He started slow, working the dildo out and in a little too, in time with his own cock in Nigel’s ass.

“Fuck that feels good.” Roberto let out on an exhale before biting his lip between his teeth again.

“Don’t tell me, fucking show me.” Nigel growled.

And that was enough to spur the alpha on. He started to snap his hips hard, fucking into Nigel’s ass with gusto. His rhythm with the dildo faltered a little but the sensation alone was more than enough for Nigel.

He grasped the base of his own cock to try and stave off the building orgasm he could feel already surging within him.

“You can fuck harder than that!” Nigel challenged, drawing a growl from Berto and harder, deeper thrusts.

“I’m gonna fuck you so full, you’re gonna be my bitch.”

“I’m nobody's fucking bitch you little cunt, just knot me like a good alpha and I’ll… ahhh…. I might consider...unfff... letting you do it again sometime…”

Nigel struggled to get out the words as Berto ground into his ass. The dildo in his pussy felt so fucking good he took hold of it himself and started to work it deeper. He was moaning and writhing on Berto’s cock as he pushed the knot of the dildo into him.

“You want me to knot you?” Berto’s words seemed at once a challenge and a concern.

“Fucking yes.” Nigel shouted back as they rocked together - one hand working the dildo into him, another a tight grip on his aching cock. Berto’s hands were both digging painfully into his hips now as he fucked him deep, his knot almost catching with each thrust.

And then there it was.

A quick and sharp thrust and Berto’s knot popped almost painfully into his ass. They both cried out and every muscle in Nigel’s body seemed to pull tight as his cock went off like a hose - shooting streams of come up over his chest and chin.

“Fuuuuucccckkkkk.” He cried out and started stroking his dick fast through the climax, milking every last bit of out of himself whilst his inner muscles undulated.

Berto looked almost in pain as he shuddered, filling Nigel’s ass to the point where Nigel was sure his belly was starting to bulge a little. Berto collapsed onto him, into the streaks of come and pressing the didlo tighter into Nigel so that he was coming again. This had Berto crying out once more, more come being pulled from his oversensitive cock, his knot being clenched by the tight sphinctre it had made its home.

They lay panting for a long while. Breath almost levelling out before a slight movement would pull another shuddering climax from them.

Nigel finally felt completely full. Completely sated.

*

Nigel had lost count of exactly how long they had stayed tied together after that almighty fuck. Time actually seemed to lose all meaning as he found himself dozing under the light weight of the skinny alpha, two knots keeping him deliciously satisfied.

It was nearing lunchtime when he finally started to wake properly, his heat completely gone and every muscle and bone aching. His ass felt destroyed and the rest of him wasn’t much better, and… he hadn’t felt so fucking good in a long time.

He looked over to see the alpha had rolled off him at some point and was once more spread eagled on the large bed, naked and covered in bruises, drying come, and smears of sticky

slick.

He looked so good Nigel almost wanted to fuck him again, but knew he'd change his mind the second the little fucker opened his mouth.

So he lay back against the pillows, reaching for his cigarettes and lighting one. He took a long drag before he kicked the kid hard enough to make him stir. Berto rolled over and got up onto his elbows, blinking awake as he looked at Nigel.

"What day is it?" Roberto asked, clearly realising that Nigel's heat was now truly over and real life was about to resume.

"I don't fucking know, do I look like a calendar to you?" Nigel gruffed.

He'd almost expected Berto's face to fall, that being shitty to him after days of fucking might get the kid down, but instead he pulled on this lopsided grin that had Nigel cocking a brow.

"So…" Berto started, and Nigel already wanted to roll his eyes. "How was it?"

"Fucking amazing kid, you rocked my fucking world." Nigel deadpanned, though it didn't seem to affect Berto's grin. "Now get the fuck out so I can get some sleep."

Berto chuckled a little as he got off the bed. This fucking weird kid, maybe he liked being treated like shit and used? Not that he didn't get plenty of fun out of it, Nigel was sure.

Roberto picked up his clothes from where they had ended up on the floor and started to the door, Nigel calling out to him just as he reached for the handle. At the sound of his name Berto looked back, hopefully.

"Yeah?"

"Make me a fucking sandwich whilst you're out there. I'm fucking starving." Berto's grin actually got fucking wider and Nigel couldn't help but add. "And if you do a good job of that, I'll consider letting you fuck me through my next heat."

Berto moved with such eager enthusiasm that he practically fell through the door. Nigel was pretty sure he was about to be made the best fucking sandwich he'd ever had in his life.

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